The Lady *Iſabella*'s Tragedy;

OR,

The Step-Mothers Cruelty.

Being a Relation of a moſt Lamentable and Cruel Murder, committed on the Body of the Lady Iſabella, the only Daughter of a Noble Duke, occaſioned by the means of a Step-Mother and the Maſter-Cook, who were both adjudged to ſuffer a Cruel death, for committing the ſaid Horrid Act.

To the Tune of, The Ladies Fall.

There was a Lord of worthy fame
and a Hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble Train,
of Gentry by his ſide.

And whilſt he did in chaſe remain,
to ſee both ſport and play,
His Lady went as ſhe did feign,
unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter fair
whoſe beauty ſhin'd ſo bright:
She was beloy'd both far and near
of many a Lord and Knight.

Fair Iſabella was ſhe call'd,
A Creature fair was ſhe,
She was her fathers only joy,
as you ſhall after ſee.

But yet her Cruel Step-Mother,
did enby her ſo much,
That day by day ſhe ſought her life
her Malice it was ſuch.

She bargain'd with the Maſter-Cook
to take her life away,
And taking of her Daughters Book,
ſhe thus to her did ſay.

Go home ſweet Daughter, I thee pray
go haſten preſently.
And tell unto the Maſter-Cook
theſe words that I tell thee.

And bid him dreſs to Dinner ſtraight,
that fair and milk white Doe.
That in the Park doth ſhine ſo bright,
there's none ſo fair to ſhow.

The Lady *Iſabella*'s Tragedy;

OR,

The Step-Mothers Cruelty.

Being a Relation of a moſt Lamentable and Cruel Murder, committed on the Body of the Lady Iſabella, the only Daughter of a Noble Duke, occaſioned by the means of a Step-Mother and the Maſter-Cook, who were both adjudged to ſuffer a Cruel death, for committing the ſaid Horrid Act.

To the Tune of, The Ladies Fall.

There was a Lord of worthy fame
and a Hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble Train,
of Gentry by his ſide.

And whilſt he did in chaſe remain,
to ſee both ſport and play,
His Lady went as ſhe did feign,
unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter fair
whoſe beauty ſhin'd ſo bright:
She was beloy'd both far and near
of many a Lord and Knight.

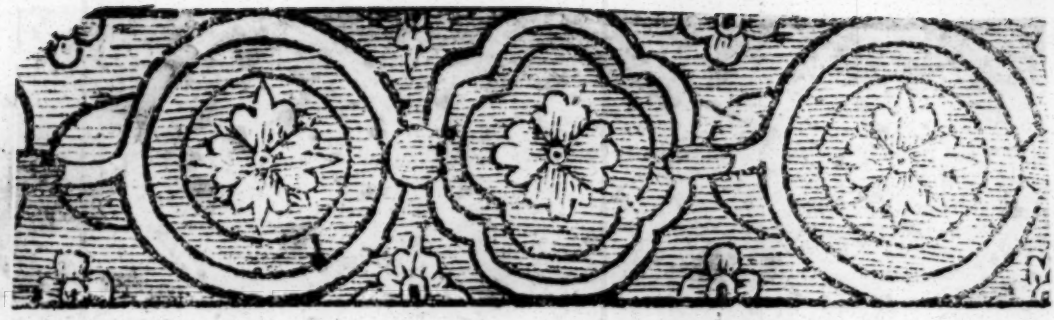
Fair Iſabella was ſhe call'd,
A Creature fair was ſhe,
She was her fathers only joy,
as you ſhall after ſee.

But yet her Cruel Step-Mother,
did envy her ſo much,
That day by day ſhe ſought her life
her Malice it was ſuch.

She bargain'd with the Maſter-Cook
to take her life away,
And taking of her Daughters Book,
ſhe thus to her did ſay.

Go home ſweet Daughter, I thee pray
go haſten preſently.
And tell unto the Maſter-Cook
theſe words that I tell thee.

And bid him dreſs to Dinner ſtraight,
that fair and milk white Doe.
That in the Park doth ſhine ſo bright,
there's none ſo fair to ſhow.



This Lady fearing of no harm,
obey'd her Mothers will,
And preſently ſhe haſted home,
her mind for to fulfill.

She ſtreight into the Kitchin went,
her meſſage for to tell;
And there the Maſter Cook ſhe ſpy'd,
who did with Malice ſwell.

You Maſter-Cook it muſt be ſo,
do that which I thee tell,
You needs muſt dreſs the milk white doe,
which you do know full well.

Then ſtreight his cruel bloody hands,
he on the Lady laid,
Who quibering and ſhaking ſtands,
whilſt thus to her he ſaid.

Thou art the Doe that I muſt dreſs;
ſee here behold my Knife
For it is pointed preſently,
to rid thee of thy life.

O then cry'd out the Scullen boy
as loud as loud might be;
O ſave her Life good Maſter-Cook,
and make your Pies of me,

For pity ſake do not deſtroy,
my Lady with your Knife,
You know ſhe is her fathers joy,
for Chriſt's ſake ſave her life.

I will not ſave her life he ſaid,
nor make my Pies of thee,
But if thou doſt this deed bewray,
thy Butcher I will be,

But when this Lord he did come home
for to ſit down and eat,
He called for his Daughter dear,
to come and carve his meat.

Now ſit you down his Lady ſaid,
O ſit you down to meat,
Into ſome Nunnery ſhe is gone,
your Daughter dear forget.

Then ſolemnly he made a vow,
before the company,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
untill he did her ſee,

O then beſpake the Scullen-boy,
with a loud voice ſo high,
If that you will your Daughter ſee,
my Lord cut up that Pye.

Wherein her fleſh is minced ſmall
and parched with the fire:
All cauſed by her Step-Mother,
who did her death deſire.

And curſed be the Maſter-Cook,
—O curſed may he be,
I proffered him my own hearts blood,
from death to ſet her free.

Then all in black this Lord did mourn,
and for his Daughters ſake,
He judged for her Step-mother,
to be burnt at a Stake.

Likewiſe he judg'd the Maſter-Cook,
in boyling Lead to ſtand;
And made the ſimple Scullen Boy,
the Heir to all his Land.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.